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Selected Poetry.

The Shadow.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Seventeen long years ago! and still
The hillock newly heaped, I see,
Which hid beneath its heavy chill
One who has never died to me.
And since, the leaves which o'er it wave
Have been kept green by raining tears:
Strange, how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! No cross,
No urn, or monument is there;
But drooping leaves and stony moss
Bend softly in the summer air:
The one I would have died to save,
Sleeps sweetly, free from griefs and fears:
Strange, how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! I see
The hand I held so long in vain;
The lips I pressed despairingly,
Because they answered not again;
I see again the shining wave
Of the dark hair, begemmed with tears:
Strange, how the shadow of a grave
Could fall across so many years!

Seventeen long years ago! The hand
Then fondly clasped, still holds my own,
Leading me gently to the land
Where storm and shadow are unknown;
The summer which I gladly crave
Will come like music to my ears,
And the chill shadows of the grave
Be changed to light ere many years!

Sunday Reading.

For the Southern Enterprise.

Difficulties of Salvation.

"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"

We are informed in the Scriptures that after death and the judgement, two places will contain the whole human family—one of these, a place of eternal happiness, the other a place of everlasting torment. How solemn and important then, is the question—Where shall I appear? Without stopping to dwell on this most interesting inquiry, I propose to notice a very important character mentioned in the text: "If the righteous scarcely be saved." Who are the righteous? First, they are those who have been justified by the blood of Christ. They are not now under the condemnation of God, and exposed to his wrath, but are enabled to say, "Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." Again, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Here, then, are the procuring causes of the sinner's justification, the blood of Christ, and faith in that blood, and here he obtains his righteousness. Again, the righteous man is one who has been renewed in the spirit of his mind. It is not enough that the sinner simply be justified. This may be done and yet he remain in a condition of guilt and sin. His own heart will condemn him, and he will adopt the plaintive language of the Apostle—"Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." Something more, then, is necessary—a fresh impulse must be given. This takes place in regeneration, when the soul is born again, and all things become new. The impartation of this new principle has changed the mind from sin to holiness, and the heart now delivered from the love and dominion, seeks conformity to the law of God. Lastly, to be righteous implies the work of sanctification begun in the heart. The soul thus justified and renewed is not without sin. So deep has man become involved in sin, that the process by which he is to be reclaimed, must needs be gradual and thorough. To be made meet for the kingdom of heaven, every remnant of sin must be removed. Sanctification aims to accomplish this. It begins in the heart at an early stage of this great work of man's restoration, and under its refining influence the soul assimilates

more and more to the likeness of its Maker. At first, this principle dwells unseen in the remote depths of the heart, but afterwards it is seen in the actions, in the countenance and in the words of the man. Then is the soul repining fast for glory and ultimate bliss. Such is the righteous man, and yet it is said of him, that he is "scarcely saved." This is a point that has long perplexed many pious minds. It is true that in this world the Christian is exposed to many temptations; he is harassed by foes within and foes without, and his enemy is going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; but to this it may be replied that we have a merciful High Priest who continually maketh intercession for us, and besides that, they who are for us are more than those against us; where then is the difficulty of our salvation?

Perhaps we may remove the difficulty arising out of this view of the subject by a plain and simple illustration:

We see a ship at sea, tossed upon the billows, and all eyes looking intently for a port wherein the ship and crew may rest from the fury of the waves. At length a harbor is seen—it is still and calm. And now the ship directs her course thither and every heart is animated with the prospect of repose and deliverance.

The ship sails onward, and just as she comes near enough to obtain a full view of the port, she is stopped. Alas, a treacherous bar, frightful breakers, and hidden rocks, lie between her and that desired haven. To venture to sail over this untraversed road would be sudden destruction. Thus she must still continue to be tossed upon the billows—and is there no harbor to receive her? Yes, there is a harbor in view—a wide, free and commodious harbor, in which she might lie at ease. No fault can be found with the harbor, but it is the bar.

The Christian is the ship. Tossed upon the billows of iniquity, he too, longs for repose and deliverance. He directs his course heavenward, and now while he is under full sail and a haven of rest is spread out before him, suddenly his onward course is arrested. He, too, has encountered a bar, and a more treacherous one than ever mortal mariner was exposed to. Ah, how many hidden rocks are here! There is temptation of every kind, lust of the flesh, deceitfulness of riches and worldly honors, the rocks on which so many split. And these wrecks of our souls are hid from our view, or else painted in false colors. Besides, they lie close to each other, so that if you escape the one, you are right on to the other. Are we not saved with difficulty? The way to heaven is indeed a narrow way, for it leads through perils and is hedged in on either side by the snares of the devil. But who is to blame? Surely God is not. He has made every provision—has opened, so to speak, a free and ample harbor for tempest-beaten and rock-bound voyagers, and bids them enter in and be at rest. If we are not saved, we cannot lay it to the charge of God. In this light we are scarcely saved, but there is a light in which salvation is easy and available.

We said, at first, that it would be sudden destruction for the ship to try to cross the bar, and so it would be, but with a pilot she might find a safe and ready entrance into the long-sought port. The Christian has a pilot, a tried, skillful and experienced pilot. Jesus sees the frail bark of the Christian tossed upon stormy seas, and mercy hastens him to its rescue. Now with Jesus as our pilot, we may sail boldly through this hitherto defiant and invincible bar, and drop within port, whence we may be at peace and rest forever in the bosom of God.

J. C. W.

MAN is but a little thing in the midst of objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality from his countenance radiating of magnitude, and, in his manners, equal the majesty of the world.

Toil to some is happiness, and rest to others. This man can only breathe in crowds, and that man only in solitude.

COUNSEL TO A PHILOSOPHER.—Instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring.—This is philosophy: to make remote things tangible, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences.—*London.*

A Temperance Sketch.

"Whiskey, Sir."

There is a deep, dark alley not far from where we live. It is a dirty alley, ill-paved and unwholesome. It is lined by old rickety wooden houses with damp cellars and crazy garrets. It terminates in a sort of square court, where there is a boiler factory and a tireless, panting steam engine. This alley is inhabited by a myriad of people, chiefly poor Irish laborers, with their families—large families, too. We believe our alley would turn out more little ones of both sexes than any alley of its dimensions in the city. Poor creatures, ragged, dirty, bare-footed, hungry—yes, half-starved, sometimes. Scores of such children live there.

There is a great deal of drunkenness, quarrelling, fighting, swearing, and hunger and cold and gaunt poverty in that alley. We wish a "foreign missionary" would visit it. Perhaps some of our good people who are so interested in the "heathen" could find objects of charity there. We are very sure they could.

Night before last we were going home about ten o'clock, and as we passed the alley's mouth, a little girl turned in from the street. She was half clad in thin summer clothes, barefooted, wet and shivering (for it rained heavily). She was a miserable looking object. In her hand was a battered tin cup, which she held carefully while stepping across the swimming gutter. It was a strange impulse, but we said—

"What have you got in that cup, sis?"
She stopped; and turning her thin, pale face toward us, (there is a lamp near the alley) she answered in a hesitating, timid voice—

"Whisky, sir."
"Who is it for?"
"Father and mother."
"Do they drink it?"
"Yes, sir—sometimes," she said, with a hesitating, half-frightened tone.
"Where did you get it?"
"At the grocery, sir."
"Show me where you got it."
"Oh, I can't; I must go—it's so cold!"
And she vanished up into the damp, dark alley.

Now, I knew the secret of the noises, the oaths, the poverty, the wretchedness of that alley—or at least one great cause—

"Whisky, sir!"
Look at those bloated, brutal men, those brawling, ragged, obscene women, those starving, freezing, hopeless, joyless children. Why are they so—

"Whisky, sir!"
What brought that man, stained and bloody, before the Police Court this morning? What sent that wretched female to the "va-grant" cell, and that boy or girl to the House of Refuge—

"Whisky, sir!"
And when that criminal is asked by the Judge if he has anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him, any plea to make and defence to put in, what should be his honest reply—

"Whisky, sir!"
There goes a man who only five years since was in excellent circumstances, had a good business; and a happy family. He is now a dissolute loafer; his family suffer every day for the necessities of life. What brought him to misery and them to despair and want?—

"Whisky, sir!"
See those little children, growing up in sin, ignorance and poverty, with no childish joys no buoyant feelings no pure thoughts, no fond hopes, no affection, no respect for their wretched parents. What keeps them in such a terrible condition?—

"Whisky, sir!"
Ah! child with the tin cup, you spoke a volume then; a volume that brings no joy to the reader. You told the story of much crime and beggary, ruin and death, of woe that has no consolation.
But, there stands a beautiful and costly building money has been lavished to adorn it in every style of elegance, inside and out. It is a noble structure! Who was the builder?

"Whisky, sir!"
"Yes, where was a great volume in the child's words—a volume of splendor, of youth, of sudden riches, of money accumulated year by year; of aristocratic families, of gay men and beautiful women, who for everything they have and enjoy, are indebted, and to nothing else indebted, but—

"Whisky, sir!"

We have noticed that girl with her tin cup many times before, coming from a grocery, near by; but never did we imagine her errand. We thought the day of retailing rum to children was passed, among men of conscience and feeling. God knows it should be. Remember—"Carseth is he who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips."

There was a murder in that alley last winter. The corpse was found, the coroner summoned, an inquest held. The verdict was—"Came to his death by a violent blow on the head, delivered by some person unknown to the jury." That was no verdict! At the time that man was killed there was a drunken row, several people, men and women, were injured; and there was rioting and

brawling all night long. The verdict might have been shorter—two words would have expressed it—

"Whisky, sir!"
There will be much suffering in that alley this winter. The spirits of Cold, Hunger and Crime have rented it, we opine, and moved in many tenants. But there is one who pays no rent, who who carries misery with him, who brings sorrow, contention, yea, death! Who is he?

"Whisky, sir!"
He is a ruinous, quarrelsome, ferocious tenant.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Ladies' Department.

A Mother's Love.

Bright upon the altar of every heart should burn the holy fire of a Mother's love. Akin is it to that of Deity itself, filling the soul with holy aspirations, which lead us heaven-ward, and teach us that beyond the darkness of the sombre grave, its fullness shall be only felt.

Black indeed is that soul that has not some time known the soothing comfort of a Mother's love. When bowed down by care, or racked with pain, has not the gentle voice of thy sainted Mother whispered sweet comfort and ministered like an angel of mercy in thy relief? In moments of reflection, and when alone, has not memory brought back the gentle echoes of her voice, which, falling upon thine ear like the murmuring of the gentle brooklet, beneath the calm soft moon-light; or the dulcet strains of the zephyr's softest cadences—bathed thy soul in bliss, and given thee a peep into the brightness of Heaven, which she awaits to share with thee?

Gentle reader, if thy mother live, love, cherish, honor and obey her; and by acts of kindness smooth her path to the "grave whither thou guest."

If she live in eternity, remember her undying love for thee! Remember her sainted look as she knelt by thy bedside and poured out at the throne of the Everlasting, her heart's most earnest prayer for thy happiness, present and to come! Remember this, and show by every act of thine that the mother "being dead, yet speaketh" unto thee with the voice of an unsullied and translated soul?

To Parents.

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things: obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing, innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let them learn to be useful.

As to truth; it is the one essential thing. Let every thing else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself to give the lie to your own precepts.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—The charms that are really indispensable to being beloved, may be possessed by every one who is not personally, mentally or morally deformed. Let us enumerate them:

Firstly—an eye, whether black, blue or gray, that has the spirit of kindness in its expression.

Secondly—A mouth that is able to say a good deal, and that sincerely—its teeth as clean as possible; must be very good natured to servants and friends that come unexpectedly to dinner.

Thirdly—A figure that shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste, exercise, and a dislike to gross living. A woman may be fond of almost any pleasure under the sun, except those of tattling and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly—The art of being happy at home, and making that home the abode of peace. These qualities will sway the minds of men, when the shallower perfections would cease to charm. A great heart is the beautifier.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A new phase of Woman's Rights developed itself on Lower Market street, near Broadway, yesterday morning, in the shape of an inebriate female, who insisted that it was woman's privilege, and her's only, to get drunk whenever she saw fit. Her harangue attracted quite a crowd of eager listeners, who cheered her vociferously whenever she made a point.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

Interesting Miscellany.

The Glass Rail Road.

'T seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber. I looked around and found myself in the center of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along, with a peculiar motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars which were gliding over the railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women, all gayly dressed, all happy, all laughing, talking and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating such as we hear on the railroad. They moved along without the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within—I was full of peace.

While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, gliding on with glass wheels over the railroad every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road, far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in the coffins.

"Those are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip we are now making. The trip on the glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered with a whisper and a half laugh which froze my blood;

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.

"You know the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end, it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass rail road."

"I can never describe the horror with which those words inspired me."

"What is the name of the glass railroad?" I asked.

"The person whom I asked, replied in the same strain:

"It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these cars, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently. Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there, and they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?"

"I was choked with horror. I struggled to breathe—many frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I know it was only a dream, and yet whenever I think of it, I can see the long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct, on either side of the road, while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears. I only see the cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon the shrouds.

It was, indeed, a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday—gliding over the railway of habit, towards the fathomless abyss.

There was a moral in that dream.

"Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks."—*Lippard.*

It is said that out of four hundred young men just now seeking British Government employment only thirty could pass the following examination, viz: To write a good business note; take down a paragraph from a standard author from dictation; write out the names of the different counties in England, and exhibit a knowledge of the four first rules of arithmetic. Of the incompetents it is said that the majority were offshoots of the aristocracy, and not of the middle class, whom Cobden used to compare "to turn away their eyes from Somerset house."

Being Out, Or, a Right-Hander Badly Invested.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," said a fast young man; with a large pressed brick in his hat as he served upon the Indian that stands in front of Van Cott's tobacco store, in Broadway, with a bunch of cast-iron segars in his hand. "I'll take one, I smoke sometimes," and he reached out to take the proffered weed, but the Indian wouldn't give it up. He hung on to the cigar like grim death. "Look here old copperhead," said the fast young man, "none of that, no tricks upon travellers, or there'll be a muss, and you and I'll fall out, somebody'll get a punch in the head." The Indian said never a word, but held on to the cast iron segars. He was calm dignified, unmoved, as an Indian should be, looking his assailant straight in the face, and no muscle moving a single hair. "Yes, yes, look at me, old leatherhead! I'm one of 'em, I'm around, I'm full weight, potato measure, neaped up, and he placed himself in a position, threw back his coat, and squared off for a fight. All the time the Indian never said a word, looked without the least alarm, unwinkingly straight into the face of the fast young man, still holding out the cigars in a mighty friendly sort of way. The young man was plucky, and just in a condition to resent any sort of insult at all! He was ready to "go in," but the calmness and imperturbability of the Indian rather cowed him and he was disposed to reason the matter. "I'll take one," said he, "certainly," I said so before—I'm one of the smokers. My father was one of the smokers, he was; one of the old sort, and I'm edition two, revised and corrected with notes, author's hand-writing on the title-page, and copyright secured. Yes, I'll take one. All right old red skin. I'll take one." But the Indian said not a word, all the time looking straight in the face of the fast young man, and holding on to the cigars. Look here, old gimlet eye, I'm getting tired, my back's coming up, and you and I'll have a turn, smell of that old copperhead," and he thrust his fist under the nose of the cast iron Indian, who said not a word, moved not a muscle, but kept right on, looking straight into the face of the fast young man, as if not caring a fig for his threats, or taking in all the odor of his fist. "Very well," said the fast young man. "I'm agreeable, I'm around, look to your ugly mug, old pumpkin-head," and he let go a right-hander, square against the nose of the nose of the cast iron Indian, who never moved an inch, nor stirred a muscle, looking with calm, unchanged dignity, as before, in the face of the enemy. "Hallo," cried the fast young man, in utter bewilderment, as he reeled back half-way across the sidewalk, with the blood dripping from his skinned knuckles: "Hallo; here's a go, here's an eye-opener, here's a thing to hunt for round a corner. I'm satisfied, old iron-face, I am. Enough said between gentlemen." Just then he caught sight of the tomahawk and scalping knife in the belt of the savage, and his hair began to rise. The Indian seemed to be making up his mind to use them. "Hold on," cried the fast young man, as he dodged around the awning post. "Hold on, none of that, I'll apologise, I squat, I knock under. Hold on, I say," he continued, as the Indian seemed to scowl with peculiar fierceness, "Hold on! Very well, I'm off, I've business down the street, people at home waiting for me," and he bolted like a quarter horse down Broadway, and his cry "hold on" died away as he vanished beyond the lamp-lights up Columbia-street.—*Albany Register.*

GOOD RULE.—It is always a good rule to follow, to step into no path, speak no word, to commit no act, when conscience appears to whisper beware. You had better wait a twelvemonth, and learn your duty, than to take a hasty step, and bring tears and repentance to a dying day. How many a lost man might have been saved, had he listened to an inward monitor and resisted the first inclination to deviate from the holy path of rectitude. See far away before you, and on either side, the ground whitened with the bones and sinews of millions who have perished ignobly in the march of life. They resisted the spirit of truth, and fell. They trusted to themselves, and sunk at the onset. Take warning by them. Could their bones live, breathe and speak, how earnestly would they appeal to you! They would compel you, as it were, to pursue a virtuous course, that your end might be joyous and not degraded.

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF SMOKE.—A writer in the London Times discourses upon the properties of smoke. He thinks London and all large cities would be much less healthy but for the artificial atmosphere created by the combustion of wood and coal, describing smoke as nothing more than minute flakes of carbon or charcoal, which absorb the poisonous gases emanating from the sewers and from works where animal substances are under manipulation. If this theory be true, Pittsburg ought to be the healthiest city known, for it is the smoke-hole in creation.

A writer in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near Skerries, rejoiced that all the crew were saved, except four bogheads of Molasses!